

THE FOO CHOW IN TIEN

SENT TO NEW YORK BY THE
"LAMA OF THIBET"To Minister Bodily and Spiritual
Comforts to His Fellow Countrymen—What He Says.

New York Mail and Express: It is no easy matter to disturb the equanimity of the Celestial dwellers in this city, but during the past few days the souls of these picturesque strangers have been stirred to the depths. A famous wise man has arrived here from the Orient, and this is the reason why the Mongolians have become excited. The visitor is a Chinese priest and physician, and has been raised to the distinguished rank of Foo by the Grand Lama of Tien Tan, on the Thibet border of China. The Foo, whose name is Chow Ju Tien, was born in Canton thirty-five years ago. He is the first Foo who ever visited this city, and one of the youngest men to whom the coveted honor has been accorded. There is no position in this country corresponding to the Chinese Foo, who combines in his person the functions of priest, physician, patriarch and friend. In trouble of mind and body the Foo is looked up to as the dispenser of ill and when friends become estranged it is his mission to bring them together and heal their discords. Since the advent of Chow Ju Tien, his countrymen have been flocking from all points of the compass to feast their eyes on the oracle of Confucian philosophy. He is the guest of Quong Hong Luong, a wealthy Chinese importer of this city. Luong says the Foo has been so overrun with visitors that he has advised him to take a brief vacation before entering on his duties. A reporter had an interesting chat with the medicine priest in Luong's private office on Main street. Although versed in many Eastern languages, he cannot speak English with any degree of fluency, but Luong, who talks like a native, acted as interpreter. The Foo is of slight stature, standing about five feet five inches high and weighing about 135 pounds. His complexion is sallow and his features Roman, except that the eyes look obliquely down to the tip of the nose. His pigtail, which is bound with blue silk ribbon, reaches to his knees. He wore the dress of his country, the blouse being of white flannel, the trousers unbuttoned linen and the sandals of wood and enameled leather with gold rep binding. "The Chinese residents of the city have determined to commemorate the arrival of their honored guest by giving him a nice dinner," said Luong, "and we are now arranging the details. It will take place next week, but I do not yet wish to announce the date or the place, because we do not want to be troubled by uninvited guests. It will be a big thing, as you Americans say, and will be gotten up regardless of expense. As far as possible everything will be done Chinese fashion. Knives or forks will be used, and the chopsticks will be of ebony, ivory and silver. This is a draft of the menu:

A FEAST TO OUR FOO.

SOUP.
Chicken in Chinese style, seasoned with rice, shark's fin, sea's sinews and seaweed.
FISH.
Chinese Mackerel, Olives.
American Beef, Lettuce.
BAKED.
Salt Duck with soy. Chinese Oysters, garnished with bear's paws and bird's nests.
Dried Watermelon Segments, Fried Pudding.
Fruit, Ice Cream, Chocolate, Tea, Bamboo Pipes.
"The committee will no doubt approve of my programme," continued Luong, as he scanned his handwritten list with rising pride. The menu which he has prepared was written in English in a clear, bold hand. He said wine was omitted through deference to the sacred calling of their guest, who was a pronounced foe to intemperance.
"Some people say that in China rats and cats still form a favorite article of food, but I see you have omitted them?"
"Probably in nearly all countries these creatures may have been used as food by starving persons, but it is a slander to say that they are in general use in China."
During this conversation Chow Ju Tien looked steadily on as he stood smoking a Joss pipe, four feet long and two inches in diameter. When questioned as to his mission in this country, he answered all questions freely and promptly through the interpreter.

A CHAT WITH THE FOO.
"I arrived here by way of San Francisco last week," he said, "and I have not yet decided how long I shall remain. That must depend upon circumstances. I was graduated from the Imperial University at Canton fourteen years ago, and since then I have traveled all over the world. My father owns a tea plantation near my native city, and lives there with his family. I passed many years in Hindostan, where I studied the doctrines of the Buddhist religion, which, in some respects, resembles my own faith."
"What is your creed?"
"I follow and uphold the doctrines of Confucius so far as they constitute a religion, but I do not absolutely condemn either Buddhism or Christianity. In many respects the ministers of these churches teach a code of morals almost precisely the same as ours."
"Are the newspaper reports of periodic massacres of Christians by Chinese correct?"
"They certainly contain a foundation of truth. The Chinese do not like the Christians who lie and cheat, but they do not molest those who treat them fairly. The French Government does not act justly in setting up the claim that persons who become Catholics must forswear allegiance to the Emperor of China. It cannot maintain its position, and it attempts to do so bloodily, and it kills. Our people are peaceful and industrious, and can manage their own affairs without the intervention of foreigners. We are often classed as heathens and barbarians, but those who use this language know nothing of our history. Many Jesuit missionaries have received high honors in China, not because they were missionaries, but because they came to disseminate learning."
"Do you propose to institute a Confucian revival here?"
"I must survey the ground before doing anything. There are but two Chinese synagogues in America, one of which is in Newark, N. J., and the other in San Francisco. We should have one here, and our people are rich enough to build and support one."

"How do your countrymen feel disposed toward America?"
"We want to be friendly with America, but your people do not care either for our friendship or our company. A proof of our respect for this country is furnished by the fact that many of our law-abiding countrymen are sent here to be educated. We are gradually becoming cosmopolitan, and we do not want the gates of the world closed in our faces. Why should the immigration of our people here be forbidden? It is an insult and a wrong. We are not law-breakers or paupers, and do not come to seek alms. Hundreds of my countrymen are wealthy owners here, and still there is an objection to their becoming citizens."
"This anger the Chinese. There is another outrage perpetrated on us which Americans shut their eyes to. Our men are not permitted to bring their wives or female relations over the ocean, and if they marry here their American wives are treated a little better than outcasts. This is bad; it is wrong; it angers our people. There are 4000 Chinese men in this city and only five Chinese women. Where are the 3995 to get wives? That is a fair question. Will your American friends answer it? Our men want wives; they are able to support them, and by all laws human and divine they should have them."

Friends of the Foo state that during his stay in this city it is probable that he will devote more attention to the practice of medicine than to the propagation of Confucianism. He denies indignantly that it is his purpose, as alleged, to heal the sick by laying on of hands, and by burning rice paper and killing chickens in their presence. "I cure by medicines made from flowers, roots, leaves and bark of trees," he said, "and I have over 100 different kinds of ingredients at my command to suit all ailments. I use vegetable medicine alone, and nothing else is required. I operate only on the heart, lungs, liver, spleen and kidneys. When there are sound things in me, and if I can't cure him he might as well make up his mind to die."

THE SAGE OF GREYSTONE

AT THE FUNERAL OF M. THIERS

How He Was Treated by the French Officials—Estimate of His Character by Mr. Smalley.

George W. Smalley writes from London to the New York Tribune: On a rainy September morning, nine years ago, I sat in my room in a hotel on the Rue de la Paix, and there came a familiar knock at the door and Huntington entered. "Do you know Tilden?" cried he. "You don't, but you can in about ten minutes if you like." And he proceeded to expand his mission. Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bigelow had just arrived from London, had hurried over to see Thiers's funeral, but had been detained; the funeral was this very day, and now they were in distress lest they should miss seeing it, or seeing it in the best way. Could anything be done for them? Something of course, but what, and will you do it? When this running fire of questions had come to an end, I explained that I was going to the funeral—I believe I had gone to Paris in order to see it—and had a carriage, and should like nothing better than to take Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bigelow with me, and Huntington also. Mr. Bigelow will excuse my saying that I was surprised that he should be in any difficulty in such a matter. He had been Minister of the United States to France. Mr. Tilden had all but been elected President. If there were two Americans living whose presence on such an occasion, or any public occasion whatever, was sure to be welcome, they were the two. However, I went gladly with Huntington to offer my services and carriage. The two were staying in another hotel in the same street. Mr. Bigelow I had long known. Mr. Tilden I then saw for the first time. I won't presume to describe him to a public that knows him better than I can. The impression he first made remained to the last. Never had I seen a man of the front rank in public life who at first so skillfully withdrew from observation most of his titles to distinction and to greatness. It was not that he had a slight figure and a hand that quivered a little as it rested softly in yours, and a voice that produced vibrations but just perceptible by the ear. I am not quite sure what it was, but I think it might be called

THE BLAINE-NEVINS MARRIAGE.

The Peculiarities of the Bridegroom.

Don Platt, in the Washington Capital of Saturday, says: The matrimonial incident in the Blaine family has naturally excited a good deal of gossip here, where both of the young people are so well known; but there has been more anxiety to learn what the Nevins family think about it than to know what Mr. Blaine's feelings are. Those who are aware of his affection for the young lady, and the tolerance with which he has treated the younger's escapades in the past, were not surprised at the promptness with which he bestowed the paternal blessing, although he must have had many misgivings and regrets that the marriage occurred as it did. Still, Mr. Blaine, understanding the disposition of his son, may congratulate himself that his daughter-in-law is in all respects worthy of her husband, for Jimmie might have gone a great deal further and done a great deal worse.

Mrs. Blaine, jr., is an uncommonly pretty girl, the purest of blondes, with charming manners, statuesque figure and a complexion of pearly and cream. She has spent her winters in Washington for three years, and, being a bit of a flirt, has the reputation of a number of dukes hanging at her belt. A Western Senator, possessed of millions, was one of her most ardent admirers, and while it is not believed that he actually offered her his hand and bank book, his devotion was so marked as to cause much comment. That Jimmie Blaine should have won against such rivalry makes the match the more interesting and inexplicable, and the more so as he is several years younger than his bride and has no attractions to speak of beyond the family prominence and expectations. Miss Nevins had aspirations in a dramatic way and imagined she could sing. Her flaccid "Paul" in the amateur performance given here under the direction of the Portuguese Minister's daughter in Victor Maure's opera of Paul and Virginia, is well remembered. She sought the society of stage people, was on intimate terms with Rhea, Modjeska, and other actresses, and it is said that she is under contract to appear with Modjeska during the approaching season. This arrangement was made unbeknownst to her parents, but was confided to some of her friends, who kept the secret until the unexpected marriage was announced. Mr. Nevins, the father of the bride, was the accepted lover of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague during the days when she was a belle in Columbus, before she came to Washington with higher aspirations, and old residents of Columbus remember some incidents connected with their courtship that need not be told. The family is an old and honored one, and there must be considerable mortification at the manner of the marriage, even if the daughter's choice be approved. Jimmie Blaine has always been very wild. No school was ever found that was big enough to hold him, and no tutor, though several have been tried, was ever able to keep him out of scrapes. He has sowed no end of wild oats with the most improved labor saving machinery. But although Jimmie's waywardness has been no secret, he has many good traits, and was expected when he settled down to show much of his father's ability. During the Shepherd investigation by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs in 1882 the boy, then only 15 years old, was a conspicuous figure, and was always at his father's side when the latter appeared in the committee room, taking charge of the documents Mr. Blaine consulted while under examination, and exhibiting great excitement during the heated controversies with Congressman Belmont.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S IF.

You can always tell a Sassenach.

No matter where he's picked.

Because he never, never knows.

Just when he's liked.

You may fight him as the land or sea.

With boxing gloves or sticks.

And when he's beaten out of sight.

He always has his ifs.

"If there's been more of a sea of wind."

Or "if the sky's been blue."

The cup, be sure, of General Paine.

Wouldn't be sure to you.

And if the postman's boot.

Himself or his boot, why then.

Sheerheartly couldn't have left.

Behind the boat of Benn.

—Life.

English Cattle Prohibited.

OTTAWA, Ont., September 25.—To-day's Canada Gazette contains an order in Council prohibiting the importation of live cattle from eleven English counties and a district of London on account of the existence of pleuro-pneumonia.

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DELICACY OF MANNER.

The manner of the man was in no visible proportion to his fame. It was more than modest; it was retiring, almost shrinking—certainly not shy—and yet friendly enough as he greeted the stranger. In simplicity of demeanor he was admirable, the more admirable by contrast with his known previous habits. He was a man of business, familiar with affairs, a politician, the organizer, the destroyer of Tweed and the Tweed ring, the chief of a great party, the leader to whom every follower paid entire obedience, the hero of the most desperate contest ever known for the presidency—what had he in common with this elderly schoolmaster, by no means to be taken for a simpleton, seemed to have been trying for fifty years past to find courage to make his debut in life and never to have found it? Perhaps he was more like a survivor of the last century than an early product of this. There was a perfume of courts in this refinement and this complete abstinence from self assertion. Some one of all of these comparisons would really occur to one who knew nothing of him. Knowing him and his career I thought this extreme slightness of bearing and presence the strongest confirmation of his greatness. It would have been by no means a brilliant quality, but it was a quality of great character and capacity. I was delighted with him. He said at once, with the courtesy of a man of the world, how sorry he was to give me trouble—would not think of going if he should be in the way; knew I had my work to do and nothing would induce him to interfere with it, and so on. I told him that his coming and Mr. Bigelow's was a stroke of luck for me. I knew some of Thiers's friends who were managing the funeral and had cards for the house and church, but it was certain that every attention would be shown them the moment it was known who they were. So off we all four drove to the house in

THE PLACE ST. GEORGES.

I had one brief anxiety. My distinguished fellow-countrymen carried republican indifference to the point of not wearing the black, and it struck me we might have difficulty in persuading the sentinels and police with whom we were sure to come into contact that American Ambassadors and Presidents were likely to appear on an occasion of immense ceremony in such costume as we wore. Mr. Bigelow wore. As for Huntington he was incorrigible. No earthly reward would have persuaded him to quit his soft wide awake and slouching cloak, or to put on black or any other gloves. I might have spared myself these anxieties. The politeness of the French in presence of the unexpected is immovable and unlimited. M. Calmon, then Senator, met us at the inner doorway, and to him I introduced my companions. He knew all about Tilden—probably he had met Mr. Bigelow when Minister, but at any rate his diplomatic character was at once recognized. It was as I had told Mr. Tilden. From the moment they were named I who had started out as their guide and protector fell back into my proper position of humility. Everything was done for them. They—and under their wing Huntington and I—were shown into the private apartments where Thiers's friends and the dignitaries of State were assembling. We marched in this distinguished company to the church. Places were kept for us in the diplomatic quarter, always the best or one of the best. A position was indicated for us in the procession from the church to the cemetery, but here providence, in the shape of a smart coachman—intervened quite the sharp-jehu who ever handled a pair of French reins. When we came out of the church we found our carriage in line next but one to the carriage which held Thiers's nearest friends. That conspicuous place sharp-jehu kept all the way to Pere-la-Chaise. Mr. Tilden was disposed to try for one more modest, but yielded to my suggestion that if we once fell out of line we should probably never get in again. Nor do I think the police would have permitted a change. The ordering of pageants in Paris is strict in the extreme. Everything is done

WITH MILITARY PRECISION.

but of flexibility there is little or none, and a mistake once committed, there is no remedy. So we made the best of the fierce light of publicity which beat upon us. During a great part of the

way the streets, first the narrow Rue Lepelletier and then the spreading and spacious boulevards, were in complete possession of the people, between whose carried files the police with difficulty kept a path just broad enough for the procession, hardly more than the width of the carriages. People peered perpetually in at our window. Bells were threatening or calling, the landau wheels were driven back and closed, and we four looked out through the same two apertures into which the multitude thrust its multitudinous head. Mr. Tilden saw Paris in the streets for the first time, nor had any of us even beheld a spectacle so extraordinary. He was a keen observer; few men had saw more, or saw as much. I described the scene at the time and I know I borrowed from him many a touch in the picture I tried to paint; probably without acknowledgment, for obvious reasons. But I may now tender to him what his due. If he had been all his life trained in observing what he collected facts for such purposes he could hardly have observed or chosen more skillfully. He asked us to notice the number of people who had blue eyes or gray eyes, and why there should be so many, and he was not to be satisfied with the suggestion that the blue eyes and gray belonged probably to Parisians of Norman blood. "Why should there be so many Normans in Paris?" And when I said they were the Yankees of France, he whispered: "Ah! you come from Boston, I know. Nothing surprised me more than the scene that during our four miles' journey amid the immense throng of people of every class, there was no smoking. That, he said, was their French way of showing respect to the man they loved; for they did love Thiers, the liberator of French territory. As the hearse passed, not a pipe or cigar or cigarette was to be seen—not a curl of blue smoke over that sea of heads. He asked questions about dress, about the quarters through which we passed, about a hundred things. They were to the point and often extremely so, but with his most remarkable about them and him was the freshness of the interest he showed in so many topics remote from

ALL HIS LIFELONG HABITS.

of thought. He had—perhaps a rare combination—definite views and an open mind. On matters on which he had thought, his mind was made up; on new subjects he had their receptiveness of a child, and the eagerness of a child in novelty. There was no view or theory he would not consider, but he was not to be deceived by the trust you presently found out your mistake. It was a long day's work for an invalid, this funeral of Thiers, but Mr. Tilden went through the whole of it, including the speeches at the tomb, which our early arrival gave us the chance of hearing. Next saw him in the chariot. He had chosen the chariot in a gale of wind. The beat was so crowded that he could find no place to sit but a bench amidships, with miserable masses of second class humanity all about him. Presently came a sea which swept and flooded the deck, and there the old man sat to his knees in a sea of mud which surged back and forth about him. His plaid shawl was no protection, he was drenched through. Arriving at Dover in this condition, he refused to go to the hotel; soaked as he was, he travelled up to London. Naturally, he was ill after an adventure and an imprudence of that kind. I got a note asking me to go and see him, and I found him next morning in bed and threatened with a serious illness. The voice was softer than ever, he was suffering and a little anxious, but the spirit and vivacity of the man were unconquerable. I think it was a week before he rallied and departed, and during this period I saw him several times, and never afterward. It was 1877. My whole acquaintance with him may be counted by hours, but it was a delightful one to me. The doctor kept him indoors. Three days after day he lay and discouraged, and he is my last memory of him. In bed, in a dull room of a private hotel, on a dull November morning in London, but illuminating the place with his good humor and his admirable talk.

THE COMPOSITOR.

He stands at the case.
At his night long work.
He is the man of men in type.
His eyes move quick.
And his fingers leap.
While his brain keeps time to the ceaseless click.
Of the words as they march to the well-worn stick.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE MEN OF LONG AGO.

The acts of yesterday.

Are forming in quick succession now.

They join in words as they pass away.

They join in words as they pass away.

And go to the world like veterans skilled.

THE HOUR HAS STRUCK FOR THE NOON OF NIGHT.

For him the hour has struck.

He sleeps while men are at work in light.

He awakes 'till the morning's gray.

Come sweeping over the eastern hills.

And the lark's mate carols her echoing trill.

Then wends him away to the couch of rest.

While the busy day moves on to the west.

—Charles Rollin Brewster.

A Railroad Bridge Gives Way.

PATTERSON, N. J., September 25.—The New York Southern and Western railroad bridge at Dundee lake, near this city, gave way last night while a freight train was passing over it. One span of the bridge fell into the river, carrying with it six cars loaded with merchandise. The engine and caboose did not go down, remaining, one on either end of the bridge. One brakeman went down with the cars, but he retained his hold on the car and escaped. No one was injured.

Dynamite Arrested.

SARASOTA, Ont., September 25.—Charles A. Hand, a hotel keeper of this place, was arrested last night, charged with having attempted, in June last, to blow up the residence of J. G. McCrae and Thomas House, prominent supporters of the Scott temperance act. When arrested Hand had in his possession two half pound dynamite cartridges and a piece of fuse. He told the detective that he had obtained the dynamite in Detroit, Mich.

Severe Storms in Michigan.

DETROIT, Mich., September 25.—Heavy rains visited the northern part of the lower peninsula last night, and this morning about 3 o'clock the Grand Rapids and Indiana bridge across Lake Michigan was washed away, and near Reed City ninety feet of track was washed out. In the neighborhood of Big Rapids there was a terrific electric storm. There were several big washouts and trains will be delayed several days. Wagon roads in many places are impassable. The worst of the storm is believed to be past.

Death of a Railroad Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., September 25.—The death of John B. Taylor, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is announced today.

GENERALS LEE AND GRANT.

A CONTRAST MADE BY A UNION SOLDIER.

The Confederate Commander and the Greater Soldier, Judged Even by the Final Campaign.

A Northern soldier in October Biography. It must be admitted that when the two great captains met face to face upon the Rapidan, in May, 1864, Lee's reputation rested upon more battles fought, bloody, terrible battles, and victories won against greater odds than could be claimed for Grant. For three long years the whole power of the Federal Government, with its unlimited resources, had not been able to reach the capital of the Confederacy, and when Grant took command of all the Northern armies, Richmond seemed to be really less in danger than Washington. The maxim, "better is the place of the defender," is as true in war as in law, and is especially applicable in a country between the Rapidan and the James. Moreover, modern earthworks, defended by modern artillery and repeating rifles, are much more difficult of successful assault than were Rodriguez, Badajoz, or Albuera, where Wellington won so much renown in his peninsular campaign. When Grant crossed the Rapidan he found he had a different army, under a much abler leader, to contend with than he had met before. In the battle of the Wilderness, after repeated attacks, in which the Union troops, led by the ablest corps and division commanders, displayed prodigies of heroic, stubborn valor and covered the ground for miles with the dead of both armies, Grant was repulsed, defeated, and compelled to retreat, and leave the field in possession of the enemy; and by a false movement to reach Spotsylvania Courthouse. But when he arrived there and was prepared to assault, Lee was ready, intrenched, and awaiting the assault, which was as heroic as persistent, as deadly as that in the Wilderness, and as unsuccessful. At the expense of over 50,000 men Grant learned that in that kind of warfare Lee was invincible. The battle at Cold Harbor, fought within a month, ended the bloody campaign in history and the Federal general, abandoning the attempt to take Richmond by assault, withdrew to the south of the James, and began the long campaign of siege and starvation. He could have placed his army south of the James three months sooner than he did, and without the loss of the 60,000 men who fought their last battle between the Rapidan and the James, and that, too, without danger to Washington. After the siege of Richmond began, the reputation and unavailing assaults of the Union army upon the Confederate lines, extending as they did for a distance of over thirty miles, and defended by less than 50,000 men, are the best evidence of the skill of their commander, as well as the valor of the besieged. Not until the following year, and until his base of supplies was threatened by other converging Union armies, was Lee compelled to evacuate the city. Had it not been for the approach of Sherman from the south, and the brilliant and effective campaign of Sherman in which he easily routed the force sent by Lee to protect his communication with Lynchburg, there is no telling how long the Confederate capital might have held out. The defense of Richmond will always stand out in history as one of the most remarkable military achievements of any age. It is true that Grant's men had confidence in their commander, and in his ultimate success; it is not true that they had equal confidence in his strategy. His pounding methods, so prodigal of life, inspired no personal enthusiasm or attachment. Lee, on the contrary, had the profoundest sympathy, even the heartfelt affection, of his men. They would die for him even sooner than for the cause on which they had staked their all. He embodied their ideal, both of manhood and military skill. The Confederate camp was full of stories, true as well as false, proving his personal sympathy with them in their sufferings and his mastery superiority as a general. This enthusiastic confidence in a measure supplanted the place of numbers and achieved victories where only defeat seemed inevitable. In this highest military quality that inspires the unquestioning devotion of his soldiers, Lee was indeed one of the most remarkable generals of any age. In comparing the military career of those two men, the historian of another generation will say that they are strikingly alike in those characteristics that lie at the foundation of military success, in quiet confidence, in that combination of moral and physical courage, that heroic persistence which no calamity can defeat, which feels the assurance of victory in the very hour of disaster. He will also say that in mental power, in capacity for rapid combination, in strategic invention, which is seen in the skillful disposition of his troops before and in battle, in the genius that enables a general with inferior numbers to gain the stronger position, and to have more men at the critical point and moment, and especially in the power of inspiring his men to endure and achieve, Lee was beyond question the greater commander.

Dividend and Statement.

New York, September 25.—The Rock Island directors have declared the usual dividend of 3 per cent., payable November 1. The Pullman Company's statement for the year ending July 31st shows surplus earnings, after payment of dividends, of \$1,250,000.

The Lost Steamer Not Identified.

St. Johns, N. F., September 25.—The steamer Hector, which has just arrived from the Straits of Belle Isle, reports that the lost steamer has not yet been identified. Large quantities of debris are driving ashore, consisting of pieces of masts and yards, cabin panelling, ladders, and deck generally, but no boats.

Weekly Bank Statement.

New York, September 25.—The weekly bank statement of the associated banks shows the following changes: Reserve, increase, \$1,377,750; loans, increase, \$178,100; specie, increase, \$2,550,000; legal tenders, decrease, \$822,000; deposits, increase, \$1,323,400; circulation, increase, \$31,300. The banks now hold \$9,069,675 in excess of the 25 cent. rule.

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